

# Edna Lyall

AN APPRECIATION  
with Biographical and Critical Notes

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G. A. PAYNE.

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“EDNA LYALL.”

# Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford,

BY

REV. G. A. PAYNE.

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LYALL.

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## PRESS OPINIONS.

*The Sphere*.—"Every member of the Gaskell cult, both in Great Britain and the United States, will at one time or another visit Knutsford, and a visit to Knutsford will be made much more interesting when it is taken in the company of Mr. Payne's volume."

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# “Edna Lyall:”

## AN APPRECIATION.

With Biographical and Critical Notes.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE A. PAYNE,

AUTHOR OF

“Mrs. GASKELL AND KNUTSFORD.”



JOHN HEYWOOD,  
DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;  
29 & 30, SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

TO THE  
AMERICAN

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P R E F A C E .

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YEARS ago I read "Donovan" and "We Two," and was immensely interested; so much so, that I have read each subsequent work by the same authoress soon after its publication with great eagerness.

It therefore gives me great pleasure to write an appreciation of "Edna Lyall," which I hope may be successful in yet enlarging the very wide circle of her readers. There may be some who do not share my views, who would perhaps hold that "Edna Lyall" is a superficial writer; there may be some who will hold that there is far too much insistence on the moral, which I am willing to admit runs through most of her stories; there may be some who will hold that "Edna Lyall," while she has written one or two books of real sterling worth, has nevertheless overwritten herself. While I

shall not claim that she is worthy of a place in the front rank of women novelists, with George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell, I do claim that she is one of the teachers of our day, who has done a great deal in softening bitterness and prejudice, and in broadening the minds of narrow and small-souled people. She has drawn in "Doreen," for instance, a fair picture, not only of Irish scenery, but of Irish traits and characteristics. She has stood up for the wronged Armenians. She has shown in "We Two" that even an Atheist may possess greater kindness and generosity than many professing Christians; in "Wayfaring Men" and "Knight Errant" that the actor and public singer have vocations which may be as honourable as those of what are termed the learned professions; and has shown that Christianity consists in being and doing, and not in professing or believing.

The biographical portion of this little volume, at least, may be said to be correct as to detail, as "Edna Lyall" was kind enough to read-over most of what is contained in this volume, and on August 27th wrote to say, "I have no objection at all to the publication, especially if it is brought up to date."

The following is a list of magazine and other articles having reference to "Edna Lyall," to the writers of many of which I here gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness:—

1. "Novels of Edna Lyall." *Church Quarterly*, 1886, Vol. XXII., page 367; also Vol. XXXV., page 143.
2. "Edna Lyall" (portrait). *Great Thoughts*, April 20, 1889, Vol. II., New Series, No. 42.
3. "Edna Lyall" (one illustration). Dora M. Jones. *Young Man*, V., August, 259, 1891.

4. "Interview" (illustrated). Isabel C. Oakley. *Novel Review*, I., September, 500, 1892.
5. "Miss Edna Lyall." Portraits of. *Strand*, IV., December, 589, 1892.
6. "Illustrated Interview." Frederick Dolman. *Young Woman*, October, 1893.
7. "A Page of Confessions." *Woman at Home*, February, 1894.
8. "Interview" (illustrated). Ellen Velvin. *Windsor Magazine*, January, 1895.
9. "Edna Lyall" (one poor illustration). A. H. Japp. *Cassell's Family Magazine*, June, 1895.
10. "How I became a Novelist." By Edna Lyall. *Good Words*, XXXVII., January 28th, 1896.
11. "Ada Ellen Bayly." *Literary World*, Boston, Vol. XVIII., page 321.
12. "Ada Ellen Bayly at Home." F. Dolman. *Author*, Vol. II., page 3.

13. "Ada Ellen Bayly." Novels. *London Quarterly*, Vol. LXX., page 17.
14. "Ada Ellen Bayly" (with portrait). *Book News*, Vol. VIII., page 64.
15. "Edna Lyall" (illustrated). Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley. *Woman at Home*, VI., December, 183, 1897.
16. "Poem by Edna Lyall": "The Critic." *Lady's Realm*, III., December, 128, 1897.
17. "Letter to Edna Lyall." "Deas Cromarty." *Young Woman*, VI., May, 312, 1898.
18. "My First Success" (illustrated). *Lady's Pictorial*, March 25th, 1899.
19. "What Women are Doing." An Interview with Edna Lyall (portrait). By Diana. *Home Life*, No. 42, 1899.
20. "Edna Lyall at Home." Leily Bingen. *Young Woman*, October, 1899.
21. "Notable Women Authors of the Day." Helen C. Black.

22. "Edna Lyall." *The Literary World*,  
January 4th, 1901.

My thanks are also due to Canon Rawnsley and to Mr. John P. Nix for their kind permission to use the sonnets which appear at the end of the book.

GEORGE A. PAYNE.

Knutsford, May, 1903.

## “EDNA LYALL:”

### *An Appreciation, &c.*

**A**MONG women writers there are few who can be favourably compared with Edna Lyall in popularity, a popularity which is richly deserved, and which has steadily grown since the publication of “We Two” in the spring of 1884.

Ada Ellen Bayly (for “Edna Lyall” is simply an assumed title, and is a transposition of her real name) comes of a legal family. Her grandfather was a bencher and treasurer of Gray’s Inn, and her father a barrister of the Inner Temple. Her only brother, the Rev. Robert Burges Bayly, though a member of the Inner Temple, and still owning his grandfather’s chambers in King’s Bench Walk, is a clergyman of the Church of England, and vicar of a country

parish (Bosbury) in Herefordshire. On her mother's side, Edna Lyall is descended from the well-known divine, Thomas Bradbury, who, in Queen Anne's time, went by the name of "Bold Bradbury"; his outspoken frankness being tolerated by the courtiers for the sake of his wit.

We will give a description of the writer before we speak of her interesting stories. Ellen Velvin, one of the many interviewers who have been politely received, says of her: "Edna Lyall is slight and fragile in appearance, with a quiet, restful face, full of expression, kindly thoughtful eyes, firm mouth, a high intellectual forehead, and an abundance of dark brown hair. To strangers she is rather shy and reserved. She is full of sympathy and cheery encouragement, ever ready to give practical help and advice, or to do anything in her power to make things a little brighter for others."



Frederick Dolman says: "In person the authoress is slight of stature, with a small thoughtful face, quiet reflective eyes, broad forehead, and a firm little mouth. The rich brown hair, arranged according to the prevailing fashion, gives an added dignity to the face; while the well-fitting garments, of plain yet good material, tell you that Edna Lyall estimates dress at its proper worth, but at no more than its proper worth. At the outset rather taciturn and reserved in manner, Edna Lyall soon impresses her visitor with the sympathetic sweetness and warm-heartedness of her nature, and this impression one carries down the broad oaken staircase into the streets, to return again and again whenever one's thoughts recur to the popular author in her Eastbourne home."

Yet another description of Edna Lyall is that by Helen C. Black, in "Notable Women Authors of the Day": "She is

about the middle height, pale in complexion, with dark hair rolled back from a broad forehead which betokens a strongly intellectual and logical cast of mind. She has well-defined arched eyebrows, and very dark blue eyes, which light up softly as she speaks. Her manner is gentle and sympathetic, and her voice is sweet in tone."

We can fully endorse all this, so faithful a picture is it of the shy and retiring woman, who, nevertheless, was so great in ability and so strong in character.

The portrait which appeared in the *Bookman* for March, 1903, is one of the best we have seen.

Edna Lyall's home was a picturesque gabled, red-tiled house, covered with Virginian creeper and ivy, and sheltered by elm trees. It stands in College Road, Eastbourne, and from its upper windows there is a lovely view over

the woods surrounding the Duke of Devonshire's House, Compton Place, and the South Downs beyond. Here the Novelist resided with her sister and brother-in-law, the Rev. Hampden Jameson, late Senior Curate of S. Saviour's, now Vicar of S. Peter's, Eastbourne. At the top of the house, facing the road and the view above mentioned, she had her study daintily fitted up with every convenience, where she could work without disturbing, or being disturbed by, others. It was with great pleasure that we found ourselves, one day in June, 1897, in this very room, conversing with the "gentle" woman upon the subject of Mrs. Gaskell and "Cranford," and referring to her appreciation of Mrs. Gaskell, which had just been published in "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign."

Noticing what appeared to be a new edition of her works, we asked about it, and said how nice it would be to have

all her works in a uniform binding. Edna Lyall said that she had lent her copies so much to friends that they had been quite knocked to pieces, and she had been obliged to have them rebound, naturally enough in a uniform binding.

It seemed likely that she knew Unitarians intimately, and sympathised to some extent with their principles, especially when, in "How the children raised the wind," the liberal-minded and generous dissenter was a Unitarian, and bearing in mind the breadth of thought exhibited in "Donovan" and "We Two," we were tempted to enquire regarding this matter. She said: "Well, I am a member of the Church of England, but my grandfather—Robert Bayly, of Gray's Inn—was a strong Unitarian, and my father was brought up as one, though later on he joined the English Church. But you will understand from this that I have a special affection for them, and

often feel indignant at the way in which they are misrepresented, as though they were not Christians at all, when they put their attackers to shame by the noble, generous, Christlike lives they live. One of the books I value most is my father's well-worn copy of 'Endeavours after the Christian Life,' by Dr. Martineau."

It would have been almost impossible for her to have been narrow or bigoted when among her chief favourites in books were the writings of Charles Kingsley, Fredk. Robertson, Fredk. Denison Maurice, Whittier, Lowell, and Emerson.

To return once more to the room. On the bookshelf stood the latest portrait of Mr. Gladstone, for whom the author had the highest respect and admiration, and of whose Irish policy she was a warm supporter. In his near neighbourhood we found the portrait of that grand old tory, Sir Walter Scott. Close by was Charles Lamb, among the books he loved.

In one corner was a little group of seventeenth century patriots — John Hampden and Algernon Sydney, armed for the fight, and with their mottoes encircling them; Cromwell, stern and resolute, Milton as a child, with long waving hair.

Edna Lyall was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Women's Liberal Association in Eastbourne, and was very much interested in all local concerns. She held an informal class, which met in her room every Sunday afternoon. It was formed of female shop assistants in Eastbourne, many of whose homes were far removed. Their interest was roused in the leading topics of the day. They also read and sung a little, finishing with afternoon tea. These girls often helped the poor in the West of Ireland, and were interested in the Armenians.

Edna Lyall delighted in water-colour painting, and found it an absorbing

interest. She wrote with a Remington typewriter. She generally sent about six titles for each book, allowing her publisher to choose; as he did in the case of "To Right the Wrong," which she would have preferred to call "The Serving of Joscelyn."

She was born in Brighton, in 1857, and lived at Brighton, Lincoln, and Eastbourne. Her father and mother died when she was young, and for six years she lived with her guardian, Mr. T. B. Winter, at Caterham.

"Won by Waiting," "Donovan," and "We Two" were written in Lincoln; nearly all the rest in the interesting room at the top of the house in College Road, Eastbourne. Lincoln in the olden times was introduced into "To Right the Wrong."

While at school at Brighton she used to write a good deal, and seems to have resolved to become a novelist. In 1879

"Won by Waiting" was published. It was written before she had visited France, and she encountered great difficulties in getting books having reference to the Franco-Prussian War. Felix Whitehurst's "Diary of the Siege of Paris," and the republished *Daily News* War Correspondence were her chief books of reference. It was a good story, but was not well received, and in 1882 "Donovan" appeared in three volumes. This, too, though well reviewed, was an utter failure. It was written at intervals during three years. No one could regret, said Edna Lyall, having been forced to face the problems which Donovan had to face, and I am very thankful to have had that struggle. I wanted to draw the picture of a perfectly isolated man and his gradual awakening. He had, of course, to begin by professing himself an atheist and a misanthrope; but very soon he began to love a child,



then a dog, then a woman. By these means he came to realise his selfishness, and to detest it: he began to love humanity, to pity and help his worst enemy, and finally to love the highest, when he saw it.

It was not to be expected that one who had been brought up under the influences which surrounded Donovan Farrant could have very clear or very good ideas about religion. Brought up under the influence of Mrs. Doery, from the age of three to the age of eight—that period when the child's mind is so active and so impressionable—a person who could not abide a noise and who taught him that God was a being who loved good people and hated bad people, with no motherly affection, no motherly sympathy; placed under the influence of a tutor who was clever but shallow, a man who had dabbled in science and rather prided himself on being able to appreciate the difficulties

which great minds found in reconciling the new discoveries of science and the old faiths; and then, at the age of eight, living beside, for this is all that it was, a mother who went to Church because it was proper, we could not expect Donovan to grow up with any sympathy for religion or with any respect for religious opinions.

We are attracted by the devotion of Donovan to his invalid sister Dot, by the powerful lifelike sketches of the gay, frivolous, and heartless mother, who loved her society novel and her spoilt Pomeranian more than her children, though one of them suffered from hip disease, and required a mother's tender care. We are interested in the well-drawn character of that diabolical schemer, Ellis Farrant, who, after destroying the will which was made in Donovan's favour, set himself to win the hand of Donovan's mother in order to secure the property he had thus ruthlessly filched.

One of the most pathetic scenes in "Donovan" is the death of Little Dot. Her heartless mother, notwithstanding the child's serious illness, had invited seventy people to a dance, and Donovan, who was usually regarded as an unsociable being, remained with his dying sister to the end. This passage is an example of the writer's vivid power of description and her intense pathos.

Out of the proceeds of "Donovan" she gave three fine bells in completion of a peal for S. Saviour's Church, Eastbourne, one being christened "Donovan," another "Erica," and the third "Hugo," after three of the principal characters in her books.

During 1883 the manuscript of "We Two" was refused by half a dozen publishers; but in the spring of 1884 it was finally launched forth into the world of books, and proved a great success.

Writing with reference to that disap-

pointing time, Edna Lyall said: "I well remember turning into St. Paul's one day after the sorrows of Paternoster Row, and miserably wondering whether I must, after all, give up. I made up my mind to go on until the list of publishers was exhausted, and as I walked down the south aisle a little thing gave me fresh courage. I caught sight of the monument of one of our kinsfolk who was killed at Camperdown—Captain Burges, R.N.—and I thought 'You died fighting: I'll die fighting, too.'"

Edna Lyall thus had to face a great deal of hard uphill work before her worth was recognised, but now her place is assured among women writers of the late Queen's reign.

In "Donovan" the author enlisted our sympathies with a hero beset by intellectual doubts; while in "We Two" we were led to sympathise with the persecuted atheist, a character in whom every-

one was quick to recognise Mr. Bradlaugh. Edna Lyall said that although the persecution of Mr. Bradlaugh, which was going on at the time, suggested the central idea of her novel, she was not personally acquainted with him until half through the story; and his daughter, who might have stood for the devoted heroine of the book, she did not meet until some time afterwards.

A line in the *Daily News*, she said, suggested to her mind the story of "We Two," with its two principal characters. It was an account of the late Mr. Bradlaugh's imprisonment in the Clock tower, which finished with the words, "Mr. Bradlaugh has telegraphed for his daughter." "I pictured to myself the devotion of his daughter at such a crisis in his stormy life, and thought of the strength and support it must have given to him."

The novel was founded on Mr. Brad-

laugh's career to a very large extent, though Edna Lyall never put a real person actually into a novel. She first wrote Mr. Bradlaugh regarding a review of "Donovan" which had appeared in his paper, *The National Reformer*, and while she was writing "We Two" the correspondence was continued. Then she met Mr. Bradlaugh in London, and had a good talk with him about secularism, and this helped her very much in drawing the character of Raeburn. She was deeply grieved to hear of his death.

The reader will remember the description of Luke Raeburn given in the second chapter of "We Two"; but in passing let us notice that the two quotations at the head of this chapter, from Longfellow and Whittier, are decidedly appropriate—

"Only the acrid spirit of the times  
Corroded this true steel."

“Not thine the bigot’s partial plea,  
Not thine the zealot’s ban,  
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee  
Which ends in hate of man.”

“Luke Raeburn was the son of a Scotch clergyman of the Episcopal Church. His history, though familiar to his own followers and to them more powerfully convincing than many arguments against modern Christianity, was not generally known. The orthodox were apt to content themselves with shuddering at the mention of his name; very few troubled themselves to think or inquire how this man had been driven into atheism. Had they done so, they might, perhaps, have treated him more considerately; at any rate, they must have learnt that the much-disliked prophet of atheism was the most disinterested of men, one who had the courage of his opinions, a man of fearless honesty.”

The reader will also remember the little speech of Mr. Randolph, which has been attributed to a certain member of Parliament: "Mr. Chairman,—I denounce my opponent as a liar. His accusation is utterly false. I deny the allegation, and I scorn the allegator!" To which Raeburn replied—a reply quite characteristic of Bradlaugh: "My enemies have compared me to many obnoxious things, but never till to-night have I been called a crocodile! Possibly Mr. Randolph has been reading of the crocodiles recently dissected at Paris. It has been discovered that they are almost brainless. I believe, however, that the power of their jaw is unsurpassed!"

In an introduction to "Farnham and its Surroundings," one of the Homeland Handbooks published in 1900, which Edna Lyall wrote for Mr. Home, she said, referring to Farnham, which she frequently visited:—



“Down there, in the old family house (in West Street), I well remember beginning one sunny August morning the first chapter of ‘We Two.’ It was at the time when England was plunged in the bitter controversy on the question of the Parliamentary oath. In the white-towered church, moreover, I am bound to confess that the first idea of ‘To Right the Wrong’ occurred to me; and as a girl, I well remember being haunted during dull sermons by the scene in which Joscelyn Heyworth is brought a prisoner into the church and forced to give up his sword. Dozens of times, sitting in the south transept, I have, in imagination, watched the whole performance.”

“In the Golden Days” was published in 1885. This is the story which Mrs. Arthur Severn was reading to Mr. Ruskin just before his death. It is the only one of her works which has been dramatised except “In Spite of All,” which we shall mention later.

When a little girl, Edna Lyall had delighted in paying a yearly visit to an aunt living at Badmondesfield Hall, in Suffolk. It is this interesting old hall which stands for the Mondisfield Hall of "In the Golden Days." Before writing this work she spent day after day at the British Museum poring over seventeenth century books and papers. In this story the interest of the reader is not only thoroughly roused, but it is also maintained throughout a series of daring plots and stirring incidents. Here follow extracts from this story as examples of this style of writing. We have heard it said that these plots are very wooden, and never surprise anybody. We will leave the reader to judge for himself.

"Sir William and old Jeremiah having joined them in the cell and discussed all the details with Scroop, the gaoler, it only remained to fix the time of the escape. 'We shall let fall,' said Sir

William, 'that you are not long for this world. Scroop will tell the Governor there is no hope for you, which in truth will be the case an you stay here much longer. Then in the night you will die; next evening we will send a coffin for your remains, with bearers who can be trusted.' 'Your honour could not have planned it better,' said Scroop, taking grim delight in all the arrangements. 'Well, then, do you second our efforts faithfully, and if all is brought to a happy issue, then come to my house this day se'n night and I will give you twenty golden guineas!' 'There's one thing more, sir,' said the gaoler, just as the visitors were preparing to leave, 'the coffin, sir; you must measure Mr. Wharncliffe!'"

"In the meantime Hugo, almost beside himself with the thought of all the possibilities of the next few hours, made such preparations as he could for the escape.

He begged his old servant Jeremiah to see that his three beloved books were placed with him in the coffin, then restlessly pacing the cell, began to discuss the future with the old man. The first difficulty arose when Jeremiah was saying good-bye. 'For the last time, dear lad, for the last time,' he said. He had heard the door unlocked, but did not trouble to turn round, thinking it was Scroop. You may judge of his dismay when he turned round and confronted the Governor of Newgate, who demanded, in a harsh voice, 'Why for the last time?' The next difficulty was when Hugo was already in his coffin, carefully screwed down, when the Governor again unexpectedly made his appearance and asked where the prisoner's irons were. Scroop had forgotten to take them off, and was compelled to unscrew the coffin and file off the irons while the Governor stood by asking why he had buried his

books with him, thus robbing him of his dues. He stooped and picked up the *Republic of Plato*, hastily glancing through the contents. As he did so the oak-leaf which Algernon Sydney had placed in the book on that spring day in Penshurst Park fluttered out from between the pages and fell exactly on Hugo's mouth. He knew what it must be, he could feel the leaf gently moving with every breath he drew; in another instant the Governor must notice it. That was the last straw! he had endured much, but this was too much for him. He fainted away. 'Well, well,' said the Governor, 'he seems to have but a dry library. I care not for it. His friends are welcome to such books as these.' He placed them in the coffin, and bent down for a last look at the corpse, removing the oak-leaf from his face. As he did so his hand came into contact with the cheek; he drew back with a

shudder." The coffin was again screwed up, he was borne away, and thus rescued from a loathsome dungeon.

The portrait of Algernon Sydney is intended to be historical, as also is the picture of John Hampden in "To Right the Wrong." Extracts are taken from the works of Algernon Sydney, and there are many evidences of the care which Edna Lyall must have taken in her desire to present a true picture of the man to the minds of her readers. This attention to the minutest detail is noticeable in her description of Will's Coffee House, and in her rapid sketches of Matthew Prior, Dryden, and Betterton the actor, as well as in her acquaintance with the songs and music of the period.

"Their Happiest Christmas" was published in 1886. It is a small book, but interesting nevertheless.

"Knight Errant," published in 1887, is a very charming story, having reference

to the life of a public singer. It shows Edna Lyall's great love of music and knowledge of composers and their compositions, as is also the case in "Donovan" and "Doreen." In "Knight Errant" the chief idea seems to be to show that though many do not account it so, the life, the vocation of the professional singer is as honest, and useful too, as is the life of the minister or the doctor. Though none of our readers may doubt it, many people do, even in this advanced age!

Another small, though wonderfully well-written story, "The Autobiography of a Slander," was published in 1887. Our edition is dated 1890, and so far back in time was the 39th to the 41st thousand. It gives the seven stages of a slander's progress from its birth to the grand *finale*, showing the vast amount of injury caused to an innocent man who has been vilely slandered.

“I dislike novels with a purpose, as much as anyone,” says Edna Lyall; “but at the same time it seems to me that each book must have its own particular motive. Nevertheless, ‘The Autobiography of a Slander’ was written with a purpose, and was suggested by a very disagreeable incident. On returning from one of the delightful Norwegian tours, I was greeted on every side with a persistent report that had been set afloat to the effect that I was in a lunatic asylum! We found out at this time that an impostor had been going about announcing that she was ‘Edna Lyall,’ and that in Ceylon, and during her voyage home, she had deceived many people. The only possible explanation of the lunatic asylum slander seems to be that this woman was in reality mad. But this episode was decidedly unpleasant, and set me thinking on the birth and growth of such monstrously untrue reports. During 1886



I wrote the little story, taking different types of gossip for each stage in the slander's growth and baleful power—the gossip of small dull towns, of country life, of cathedral precincts, of London clubs, and the gossip of members of my own profession in search of 'copy.' ”

The object of the book is to warn people against that vague nonentity, “the best authority,” which has given tone and colour to the most vile and mischievous slanders that have ever been uttered.

Thomas à Kempis says: “Alas! such is our weakness that we often more readily believe that which is evil than that which is good. But perfect men do not easily give credit to every report, because they know man's weakness, which is very prone to evil, and very subject to fail in words.” “The Autobiography of a Slander” undoubtedly helps to correct this weakness.

In 1889 “A Hardy Norseman” was

published; and in the same year a smaller, but not a lesser work, "Derrick Vaughan, the Story of a Novelist."

"Derrick Vaughan" is an absorbing love story, the hero undergoing much suffering throughout his early years owing to his noble and unselfish devotion to a father who was unworthy of his tender regard, and finally gaining the appreciation he deserved as a writer of fiction, and the hand of Miss Freda Merrifield, the lady he adored.

"Derrick Vaughan" is largely autobiographical. It is interesting to note that the productions of the child of eight at Mondisfield proved to be the germs of what became celebrated stories; and that Derrick himself maintained "that his picture of life during the Civil War would have been much less graphic had he not lived so much in the past during his various visits to Mondisfield."

Again we have the personal experiences

of the writer. Derrick's second story—"At Strife"—having proved a great success, calling forth edition after edition, people began to discover the merits of "Lynwood's Heritage," his first story, which he had counted a dead failure, but which now had a terrific sale. As a matter of fact, very few people had read "Donovan" until "We Two" appeared.

"A Hardy Norseman" is well constructed and entertaining. Norway's glorious scenery is faithfully and charmingly described. It struck us, when we read the story, that the meeting of Frithiof with Roy Boniface, at Hyde Park Corner, at the most critical moment in his life, was somewhat forced and unnatural; and the bank-note incident seemed almost impossible. But we are inclined to think, on calm reflection, that as great surprises as these actually do occur in our everyday experience.

The pathetic story of the tram

conductor working sixteen hours a day, and thus assisting the directors to gain their nine per cent. is well told. In this story there is a reference to "Wives and Daughters" being the book which gives the best description of English home life.

We will quote two short passages, in order to show her correct reading of character, and her wisdom.

"Certainly it is true that sanguine people have to buy their experience by bitter pain and loss"; and "it is God's way to reveal Himself through man, though we are for ever trying to improve upon His way, and endeavouring to convert others by articles of religion instead of by the beauty of holiness."

Her characters are consistent and lifelike.

It is interesting to note that that all her stories have been translated into Norse.

"To Right the Wrong," written origin-

ally for *Good Words*, was published in 1892. It was a book brimful of interest from beginning to end, dealing with Edna Lyall's favourite period of historical research, the seventeenth century, and contains a good account of the Civil Wars from the Parliamentary point of view, a lifelike sketch of John Hampden, and various quotations from, showing a perfect acquaintance with, the sermons of Benjamin Whichcote, a celebrated English divine, who was born in 1610 and died in 1683.

"The state of religion," continued Whichcote quietly, "seems to me to consist in a divine frame and temper of mind, and shows itself in a life and actions conformable to the Divine will. Religion is not a hearsay, a presumption, a supposition, is not a customary profession, is not an affectation of any mode, is not a piety of particular fancy, consisting in some pathetic devotions, vehement

expressions, bodily severities, affected anomalies, and aversions from the innocent ways of others; but consisteth in a profound humility and an universal charity."

Joscelyn Heyworth and Clemency Coriton are the chief characters, round whom a beautiful romance is woven.

Original Sin Smith is an amusing character, and shows Edna Lyall's bitter hatred of hypocrites and whining sycophants. We will give one more quotation from "To Right the Wrong."

"We go through life in two ways, either as lovers of uniformity, jealously shrinking from all that offends our taste and shocks our views of truth; or as lovers of unity, holding fast through evil report and good report to that love of humanity, that great quality of brotherhood, which will outlast all differences in religion and in politics."

In 1893 Edna Lyall wrote a preface to

Mrs. Wyndham Knight-Bruce's "Life of Khama," that most interesting South African chief, who, in one of his first proclamations to his people, entirely forbade witchcraft, and banished the witch-doctors. In this preface she says: "As a rule, we candidly admit that missionary literature has no attractions for us, and that to listen to the dry details of Church work among far-away tribes—read perhaps to an assembly of ladies stitching away at unbleached calico 'kissaboues'—is a severe trial. But in this sketch of Khama we have the vivid portrayal of a most noble character."

"How the Children Raised the Wind," published Christmas, 1895, is the pretty little story to which we have already referred.

"The Autobiography of a Truth" was written in 1896, and was, in a small compass, a most eloquent appeal to all lovers of freedom to stand up for the

wronged Armenian against the blood-thirsty Turk. The proceeds of this book, which amounted to a considerable sum in a month or two, were generously given by the writer to the Armenian Relief Fund. It is a work of fiction which to a large extent is based upon fact, and these facts have been most carefully collected from various authentic sources. The story of the hero and his sufferings causes us to think that the writer must have had in mind the facts relating to the life and sufferings of Prof. Thoumaian. There are a few very striking passages. Among them we would note:—

“Well, but many people seem to think that faith is that vegetable sort of virtue of staying still and doing nothing, and expecting that things will right themselves,” said the American girl, laughing. “I don’t want to say anything harsh, but really there does seem a good deal of ‘cant’ as to faith. That is why it is so



refreshing to hear you say, as you did just now, that it is through the fearless right-doing of each of us that God works His will in the world."

And again, "All the power of God is with the nation which will only decide to be just and fear not."

The story is concerning a young Armenian—Kaspar Sefarian—who left his father's business in New York in order to take a post in the Armenian College of Vosdân. His father was an Armenian merchant who had a good business in New York, and the prospects of the son were good, but he had decided to go and help to teach his countrymen. He is engaged to a young American lady, Faith Revere, who is staying in Switzerland with her invalid father. Kaspar and M. Kemalion ride over into a neighbouring village to visit a sick man, and on the way they notice a wedding party, looking gay and happy. None of them

carry arms with which to defend themselves in case of necessity, for no Armenian is allowed to carry gun or pistol. On their return journey they find the gay and festive company in the greatest possible distress, for a party of Kurds had suddenly arrived and tried to carry off the bride. The father and bridegroom, resisting this attack, are killed, but the bride is rescued by Kaspar Sefarian. From that time forth they are regarded by the Turkish officials as objects of hatred and suspicion. At length they are arrested on the charge of being concerned in the recently-discovered seditious conspiracy, and are thrown into gaol; where heavy wooden manacles are fastened upon their wrists, and they are compelled to mix with murderers and thieves. Some of the prisoners are promised release by the Turkish officials if they will swear that these Armenians are engaged in political

intrigues. To their honour be it said that many of them refuse to do so. They are removed from prison to prison, and undergo the most horrible tortures with the object of reducing them to such a state of weakness that they will confess to a lie rather than suffer further torture. They, however, have strength to remain faithful to truth, and are then subjected to a mock trial and condemned to death. Meanwhile M. Kemalion's sister, who is in England collecting subscriptions for the relief of the suffering Armenians, is able to influence members of Parliament so that the British Government communicate with the Sublime Porte. The prisoners are offered life and liberty if they will accept Mohammed. This failing, the Sultan pardons them, commuting their sentences to perpetual exile. The Sultan receives further communications from the British Government, and they are set at liberty. Whereupon Kaspar

journeys to England, after a time marries Faith Revere, who has undergone terrible anxiety concerning the fate of her lover, and the story ends.

It is an interesting story, but its chief value does not lie so much in its literary merits, and it *has* literary merits, as in its faithfulness to the truth of the condition of things then existing in Armenia. Edna Lyall deserved the thanks of her country men and women for so generously placing her gifts at the service of the suffering Armenians.

"Doreen," the story of a singer, published in 1894, is the best work Edna Lyall has written. Her descriptions of Irish scenery are faithfully drawn. She states the case for Home Rule very strongly; or, to put it another way, she elicits the sympathy of the reader in favour of the down-trodden and much oppressed and persecuted Irishman, and writes a story which is deeply interesting.

The treatment of the Irish peasant by the landlord, through his grasping agent, is aptly put by John Desmond, Max Hereford's tutor: "Because the man has made a garden out of a wilderness, because he has toiled while the landlord played, and starved while the landlord feasted, you double his rent." The hero of the story, Max Hereford, a youth of eighteen, the heir of Monkton Verney, while staying with his mother at Castle Karey, makes the acquaintance of the heroine, Doreen O'Ryan, a girl of twelve, who is living with her mother and younger brother some distance from the castle. The thrilling episode of the drowning of Foxell, the agent, and the necessity for Max and Doreen to keep their knowledge of it a secret throughout life, is the beginning of an understanding which in course of time deepened into love. Both are called upon to suffer, but after much misunderstanding they make a happy

marriage. The story is full of the sorrows and woes of Ireland, and many are the sad, but true, stories of heartless eviction. A good word is said for the Irish priest, who is devoted to his flock. Speaking of Father Monahan, the writer says: "All his life he had been toiling among them, shepherding them with that wonderful individual care which perhaps reaches its highest development among the best and most conscientious of the parish priests in rural Ireland."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., says of "Doreen" and its author in the columns of the *New York Independent*: "Edna Lyall did me the honour to consult me about a scheme of hers for going over to Ireland, and writing a story of Irish life from the point of view of a thoroughly sympathetic Englishwoman. She carried out her idea with great success in the literary sense, and she made herself much loved among the Irish peasantry in many

parts of Ireland by the manner in which she set herself to help their cottage industries, and the intense interest which she took in all that tended to promote the welfare of the country. She loved to study many aspects of life, and it was always a great pleasure to me to act as her escort to the House of Commons and find her a seat in the Ladies' Gallery, and talk over the debate with her on the terrace."

Edna Lyall said a strong word about literary critics in "Derrick Vaughan," and it is interesting to see what she says in this story about musical critics:

"It is horrible to think how much depends on a few lines in a paper. And if the writer happens to be in a bad temper, or to have the toothache, ten to one he will visit this discomfort on others, and put in words of carping criticism that may ruin a singer's reputation."

An interesting historical fact is noted on page 104:—

“The ‘Messiah’ was first performed in Dublin, and the proceeds were given to the Distressed Prisoners’ Fund. It was the performance when all the great ladies agreed to leave off their hoops, that there might be more room.”

Noble sentences like the following are scattered throughout each one of Edna Lyall’s stories: “People must either use their sorrows as stepping-stones, or be crushed beneath the weight of them.”

She was a great believer in Mr. Gladstone, and enthusiastically approved of his Irish policy, and the one occasion upon which she spoke at a public meeting was in support of Home Rule. She moved a resolution in favour of it, and she did it in just eight words. She believed in women’s influence in politics, and she liked them to exert that influence, but in a quiet and womanly way. At all events, for her own part, she was too modest and diffident to take any prominent place in political agitation.



"Wayfaring Men," written for *Good Words*, 1897, and published in the same year, has reference to the stage, and claims a more tolerant view of actors and actresses, against whom a large class of so-called religious people still level a great deal of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. Besides this, it pleads for the equalisation of the English law of divorce.

Sir Matthew Mactavish is well drawn. He is the benevolent company promoter who poses as a philanthropist, and robs his wards and the public generally.

The Jabez Balfour frauds may have had something to do with suggesting this novel. Macneillie is not at all unlike in many ways Mr. F. R. Benson, and Ralph Denmead is a noble character.

We have culled two or three short extracts from "Wayfaring Men," which will show, we think, Edna Lyall's good, sound common sense:—

"Jealousy can only rest long and comfortably in narrow and cramped hearts, where self-love and petty absorption in trifles has contracted the space."

"For Doreen never patronised people, she mothered them; and between these two forms of helpfulness there lies a world of difference."

"Nourished on skimmed newspaper, hashed review articles, minced magazines in the form of summaries, and short stories of doubtful morality, was it likely that their brains could be in a condition to receive good wholesome literary food?"

On the 6th of January, 1899, in the columns of the *Christian World*, a new story by Edna Lyall was begun, bearing the title, "Hope the Hermit, a Romance of Borrowdale." I quote from the publisher's announcement:—

"It is a love story, and treats of the days of the English Revolution, the accession of William and Mary, and the Jacobite plots with which the Queen had

to contend while King William was away at the war. The scene is chiefly laid in the neighbourhood of Keswick or in London. Among the real characters introduced are Archbishop Tillotson, George Fox, the Quaker, and Lady Temple, so well known from the charming love letters of Dorothy Osborne."

Once again we find our interest carried on through plot and incident and most thrilling adventure. Once again we are introduced to historical personages whose traits and characteristics have been carefully studied. Once again our sympathies are aroused on behalf of the persecuted and despised. The character of Nathaniel Radcliffe, one of the leaders among the Quakers, is clearly depicted. One of the most entrancing scenes is when the heroine, Audrey, who has journeyed to London from the Lake district to do what she can to secure her lover's release from the Tower, is taken in a sedan chair

to visit Lady Temple, who has great influence at Court. While holding a conference with that lady, the chairmen are drugged at a tavern quite near at hand, owing to the diabolical designs of Henry Brownrigg, a would-be suitor; their coats and hats are exchanged, and two strange men, though apparently the same, carry her away to a house which becomes for the time her prison.

“All at once she was recalled from her pleasant imaginings by feeling that her men were slackening their pace. Looking out of the window, she saw that they were in a quiet lane, and that the men were pausing before a lonely house standing in a walled garden. To her amazement, their arrival seemed to be expected, for the door was flung open, and the men, taking no heed whatever of her rapping on the window and calling out that they were taking her to the wrong house, carried the chair right in and set it down in the lobby. Then all at once she

realised that, although a sedan chair may be a most comfortable conveyance, it has one serious drawback; when once you are shut into it you are absolutely at the mercy of other people, and can by no possibility get free without help. All the tales she had ever heard of wicked cities, and of luckless ladies decoyed into dangerous places, came suddenly back to her memory. Her sole hope seemed to be with the chairmen, for she had heard Mistress Denham especially order old Thomas to see that steady men they had employed before were chosen. 'Take me out,' she cried; 'carry me to Norfolk Street, and Sir William Denham will reward you.'"

And at that the bearers for an instant showed themselves at the window to shake their heads and reject the offer.

" 'Doan't be afraid, missus, you're safe enough,' said one; and Audrey, to her horror, noticed for the first time that they were not the men who had brought her,

though they were dressed in precisely the same clothes. It was but for a moment that she saw them; then they tramped across the lobby, and Audrey heard the opening and closing of the front door; after that an ominous silence reigned in the house. The horror of this was almost more than she could endure. Covering her face with her hands, she tried desperately to think what she could do. Quiet as the place was, she could scarcely imagine it to be empty, for who had opened the door for them in that mysterious fashion as they entered? Would it be possible for her to break the glass of the window and crawl through the aperture? She glanced up to see how this plan would work, starting violently as she perceived a woman's face looking in at her. Had it been a good face she would have welcomed it, but it was as hard as a stone, and she knew that she need expect no help from the owner of that thin-lipped mouth and those steely

eyes, with that subtle, crafty expression. She was horribly frightened, but some instinct made her conceal her fear. She rapped imperiously on the window. 'Let me out,' she cried; 'there is some mistake.' 'I can't let you out, mistress, until you give me your word you'll go quietly upstairs. There is no one in the house, and you shall not come to any harm. I will explain everything to you upstairs.'"

And so for a few days she is kept a close prisoner, until at length she makes a most daring escape, and in the end gains her lover's release from the Tower.

Edna Lyall enjoyed the Lake district, which she frequently visited. She loved Crosthwaite Church and its simple, hearty service, and one of her last gifts to that neighbourhood was a subscription of £60 towards the purchase of Brandelhow.

A little sketch, entitled "Max Hereford's Dream," was published in 1900. Our copy is one of the twenty-seventh

thousand! It is somewhat disappointing, and we are inclined to think must have been written a long time ago, before the real Max enchanted all readers. It is inconsistent with the character of Max Hereford for him, even in a dream, to be influenced by the arguments used in this little book.

One of the best stories Edna Lyall wrote was published in 1901. Its name was familiar, for "In Spite of All" was first written as a play, which was produced by Mr. Ben Greet, at the Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne, on January 4th and 5th, and at a matinee on January 6th, 1900. In the matter of dramatic construction Edna Lyall acknowledged the help she had received from Mr. A. S. Homewood. The play was subsequently given at Cambridge, and at the Comedy Theatre, London.

The story belongs to the writer's favourite period, the Civil War, as also "To Right the Wrong" and "In the



Golden Days." The picture of King Charles II. is life-like, as also are the studies of Archbishop Laud, Sir William Waller, Lord Falkland, Colonel Hampden, and Prince Rupert. Historically the book is of immense interest, and as a love story it is intensely absorbing, the reader being pleasantly led through well-devised plot and incident from beginning to end. Some of the incidents have an historical setting, such as the escape from Oxford Castle. The villain of the piece is Colonel Norton, who receives his just reward; and the hero, Gabriel Harford, a nobly-conceived character, wins the hand of the pretty Mistress Hilary Unett, who does not always deserve the reader's sympathy. We are glad to renew our acquaintance with Joscelyn Heyworth and Clemency.

"The Hinderers," a story of the present time, was published in May, 1902. It is dedicated to E. D. Bradby (Secretary of the Boer Women and Children Clothing

Fund), and has reference to the war in South Africa. Many who had heard that it was a "pro-Boer book" would not read it, and they foolishly denied themselves a good deal of pleasure. The success of the book, however, was assured; for though torrents of abuse fell upon the writer from many quarters, a second edition appeared in August last. It is not a great story like "In Spite of All." It is but a slight sketch with a very interesting love story, in which the heroine, Miss de St. Croix, a beautiful girl with whom the reader cannot help falling in love, becomes the wife of Sir Christopher Hope, the member for Northwall. The book is a protest against the sort of patriotism "which waves a Union Jack and shouts 'Rule Britannia' in the intervals of throwing stones and abuse at those who disapprove of the war." There is no lack of true patriotism in the book, expressed in the desire that England

should do justly and love mercy, and "clear herself of the boastful aggressiveness and pride which are dragging her down."

Edna Lyall preached a little, but her sermons were never tedious, and we listened to her with respect when she said: "We most of us learn slowly the sacredness of life, and are for ever letting the love of wealth and ease, and pleasure and mere vulgar greed of huge possessions, make us blind to the true standard of manliness once for all given to the world."

Sir Christopher Hope conscientiously holds the view that the war might have been avoided had Englishmen been true to their best traditions, and he is sneered at as being the man who criticises his own country and extols the enemy.

Edna Lyall was a lover of peace, and once wrote a tract entitled, "War: Is it or is it not consistent with Christianity?"

The chapter headings again, are

E

wonderfully good and appropriate, and there are many fine passages of great beauty, such as, "There is something motherly in all good women," and "It is the sorrows of life that force us to open wide the shut doors of our hearts."

It is not difficult to see who are meant by the Quaker family, the Ashmounts, who were "so firm and true to their peace principles. Though earlier in the war their houses up in Northshire had been mobbed and seriously damaged and their very lives endangered by ruffians who would not allow a word to be said by those who knew the true state of things in South Africa, they were quite without bitterness, and would not even compel the town to make good the damage done."

Edna Lyall's latest work, a story for children, entitled, "The Burges Letters," was published in October, 1902. Her facile power in writing such stories as "How the Children Raised the Wind"

encouraged us to expect a very pleasing story, especially when we knew that it was to be partly autobiographical, being descriptive of her own home life; and the hope was entirely realised. "The Burges Letters" is a pleasant little volume, which was written with the help of her nurse, an old lady living now at Hailsham. Intended, in the first instance, for children, it amply satisfies them by giving the interesting escapades of the Burges children. It also reveals to them the conditions under which children lived thirty to forty years ago, the games they played, the songs they sung, and the pleasures and pastimes they enjoyed. To the adult reader there are many evidences of the influences which moulded the character of Edna Lyall, and enabled her to write her charming stories. She had been intelligently brought up amid congenial surroundings. The atmosphere of the home was good and healthy, and an

intelligent interest was taken by the parents in their children. Her mother had taught her that she must learn to be brave alone, and almost all her heroes in later life had been those who were willing to stand alone.

“Elfie thought a good deal over these words (page 19), and she saw that it was always true that her heroes were the men who quite by themselves could face danger and ridicule and misunderstanding. There was John Hampden, the patriot, who refused to pay an unjust tax, etc.”

The extreme tolerance which is a noticeable feature of her writings was learnt at home. There the seeds of a respect for the opinions of others were sown.

“And then (page 34) we remembered how the visitors were not only Church of England people, but how some were Moravians, and old Dr. Hobson was a Baptist, and Uncle George was a Unita-

rian, and Grandpapa Winton went to the Countess of Huntingdon's Church, and Cousin Mildred was a Roman Catholic, and dear Uncle Tom was an Independent, and old Mr. Pennington was a Quaker. All thought differently, yet all were good and kind, and all were Daddy's friends."

Other instances could be adduced, but probably these will suffice. At the time of her death Edna Lyall was engaged on a new work, but had made little progress with it, and had not given it a title.

A pleasing feature in Edna Lyall's writings is that at the head of each chapter she has a quotation which is not only apt, but also gives a perfect clue to the chapter. These quotations are chosen from a vast number of writers, showing that she must have been an omnivorous reader, though it is easy to see who were her favourite authors.

In "Wayfaring Men" she quoted most from Lowell, Dean Paget, Tennyson, Kingsley, and Whittier. In "To Right

the Wrong," from Ruskin, Lowell, Norman Gale, Sir William Waller, Bret Harte, Blake, Benjamin Whichcote, Shakespeare, and Milton. Also the characters of one work appear again in another, and we are always glad to welcome them as old friends. In "Hope the Hermit" we are pleased to meet once again Hugo Wharncliffe of "In the Golden Days," and Sir Joscelyn Heyworth of "To Right the Wrong."

Speaking of Mrs. Gaskell's stories in an appreciation contained in "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign," Edna Lyall said: "They are books from which that morbid lingering over the loathsome details of vice, those sensuous descriptions of sin, too rife in the novels of the present day, are altogether excluded. Not that the stories are namby-pamby, or unreal in any sense; they are wholly free from the horrid prudery, the Pharisaical temper, which makes a merit of walking through life in



blinkers, and refuses to know of anything that can shock the respectable. Mrs. Gaskell was too genuine an artist to fall either into this error or into the error of bad taste and want of reserve. She drew life with utter reverence; she held the highest of all ideals, and she dared to be true."

This praise, and it appears to us to be *high* praise, may with equal truth be bestowed upon Edna Lyall herself. From her works no unworthy hint or suggestion can be taken, and one of the most noticeable features is that she speaks boldly and fearlessly for principle, and ever stands up for the down-trodden, the misunderstood, the misjudged, the oppressed. Her works tend to make people more charitably disposed, more liberal in their interpretations, more fair-minded towards each other.

With characteristic modesty, Edna Lyall, in an article in *Good Words*, on "How I Became a Novelist," said:

“ Writing has become so much a part of my life that it is difficult quite to understand what life without a vocation would be like, or how people exist without ‘ dream children.’ They cost one much suffering, and bring many cares and anxieties; they are not what we could wish, and we are conscious of their faults. Still they *are* our ‘ dream children,’ and when they cheer the dull, or interest the overworked, or help the perplexed, there comes a glad sense that it has all been worth while, and we are thankful that the gift was given us.”

Readers of Edna Lyall’s stories, and they are legion, received as a great shock the news of her death on Sunday night, February 8th, 1903, at the residence of her brother-in-law, the Rev. Hampden Jameson, in College Road, Eastbourne, where so many of her stories were written. She had never been strong, and during the last few years had for months at a time been obliged to lay aside her pen.

Her death was due to a return of malarial fever contracted in Italy, from which she suffered so seriously in 1898, the ultimate cause being asthenia. Her loss will be mourned by many as that of a personal friend, for she had the happy mode of endearing herself to her readers. She was clever enough to transfer the graciousness and sweetness which made her a charming personality to her books, so that the reader could not help taking a deep interest in her life and work. The obituary notices were all deeply sympathetic in tone. From among them we cull a few sentences:—

The *Standard* said: "To say that Edna Lyall sometimes allowed her philanthropic zeal to outrun discretion is merely to acknowledge that she was, like the rest of mankind, liable to make mistakes. None the less, hers was a fine, charitable spirit, which could perceive good qualities in persons whose views she held in absolute abhorrence."

The *Daily Chronicle* said: "Though Edna Lyall cannot be reckoned among the great women novelists, she filled her minor position with honour and distinction. She had something to say, and she said it to the moral and intellectual advantage of many thousands of young readers. The world of fiction would have been distinctly poorer without her."

The *Daily News* said: "Although nobody could think of enrolling the name of Edna Lyall among the great names of English writers of fiction, it is a name that has achieved a great hold on the affection of many thousands wherever the English language is spoken, and has unquestionably exerted a great and wholesome influence on popular thought and life, and she will be very widely mourned."

As an indication of the deep respect in which she was held in Eastbourne, the Mayor, at a meeting of the Town Council, on Monday, the 9th February, moved a vote of condolence with the relatives of

Edna Lyall, remarking that there were few authoresses living whose books were so well known as hers.

She had left in her will a request that her body should be cremated, and that no flowers might be sent. She also desired that those who cared for her should not wear mourning, but, if they could not reconcile it with their feelings to accede to this request, that the outward signs of mourning should be as slight as possible. Thus Edna Lyall, who had advocated so many reforms, in her last request, desired that those who cared for her should assist in bringing about funeral reform, a reform which is so much needed to-day.

On Thursday, February 12th, the coffin, covered with silver-grey plush—simply ornamented with white rosettes and tassels—was removed from 6, College Road to S. Peter's Church, where a memorial service was held. The chief mourners were the Rev. Canon Crowfoot

(Lincoln) and Mrs. Crowfoot (sister), the Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Jameson (sister), and the Rev. R. Burges Bayly, Vicar of Bosbury (brother). The cremation afterwards took place at Woking, and on the following day the ashes were interred in the churchyard of Bosbury, Herefordshire.

On Sunday morning, February 15th, at S. Peter's, the Vicar, the Rev. H. G. Jameson, preaching from Luke xix. 10, referred to the loss of his sister-in-law in the following terms:—

“This gracious life, which God has allowed to be lived among us, has often brought lessons to me who have seen it close at hand, and, I think, also to many of you. It seems to me that the great principle which one wants to recognise as having underlain all that life and that work is just this principle of our text—the burning, loving desire to seek and to save anything and anybody that was lost, that was given up by other people. It was a life full of practical pity and

generosity. Speaking merely of individuals, I think there was scarcely anyone who could be called lost, whether in mind, body, or estate, whether in money or in spiritual insight and knowledge, who did not find a ready, sympathetic response there, sometimes in person, sometimes by letter, help, it may be, with money, or, what was far more valuable than money, with time, and with an interest, a ready sympathy. And it was a sympathy which cost much. Miss Bayly was not one of those who could give without giving herself. She knew how true it was that it is—

‘Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare.’

And we know how often the morning post perhaps would bring with it letters with some tidings of want or distress, some calamity of a friend, something which called forth her ready sympathy; that is, the community of suffering in her

mind. And it would be followed by hours, possibly by days, of absolute physical prostration, the result of that true sympathy which she gave with her true help."

Edna Lyall left £25,966. To her cousin, Agnes Elizabeth Weston, of Portsmouth, she left £150; to the Delhi Medical Mission, £150; and other legacies. All interests in her published works and rights in any unpublished works, in trust for the children of her sister, Mrs. Jameson; the residue of her property equally between her three sisters and her brother.

There is no narrowness or bigotry to be found in any of her works, but in every one there is an eloquent plea for charity, consideration, and toleration. We believe they represent the convictions of a noble, true, and good woman, who has mightily influenced, and will influence still, the world for good.





THE LOVE of peace, the Hate of dreadful war  
 Burned in her bosom. At her gentle side,  
 It seemed all things that trembled could abide,  
 And in her heart found shelter from afar.  
 Too frail for this world's fierce tumultuous jar,  
 Above the mist and dark material tide  
 She held the image of the Crucified  
 With Faith upon her forehead for a star.

Henceforth beside the pleasant southern wave,  
 The pines shall sigh, the seabirds call in vain,  
 For death has wiped her footprints from the sand.  
 Ah! write above her rest, "She strove to save  
 The land she loved from all dishonour's stain,  
 Fearless—for Christ went with her hand in hand."

*Eastbourne Gazette,*

February 18th, 1903.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

ANOTHER of those fairer souls which bloom  
 So oft to beauty in frail womanhood,  
 And breathe the perfume of eternal good  
 O'er all that knew them, even from the tomb,  
 Is journeying onwards to diviner light  
 Than flesh could bound, e'en in the plenitude  
 Of Christian sympathy in which she stood,  
 Soul-lovely, ever valiant for Right.

And, whilst the amber vapours disunite  
 The fragile flower, doomed early to decay  
 In its own summer, poignant grief will sway  
 The hearts of many whom, by gentle might,  
 In callous age and in adventurous youth,  
 She 'stablished in her God's Eternal Truth.

JOHN P. NIX.

*Eastbourne Gazette,*

February 18th, 1903.

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